

 A \$1,000 Prize Story in this Number.

The Black Cat



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CENTS

December 1897.

A CELESTIAL CRIME
\$1000 PRIZE STORY
Charles Stuart Pratt

THE AFFAIRS OF ANNE
Louise Betts Edwards

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE TOWN
Heloise E. Hersey








A TOUCH OF CIVILIZATION
Miriam Michelson.

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THE SHORTSTORY PUBLISHING CO., 144 HIGH ST. BOSTON, MASS.

Holiday rhymes That hold workaday reason

MONDAY	S	is for Sarah, so slight but so grand.	
TUESDAY	A	is for Ada, first star in our land.	
WEDNESDAY	P	for Paderewski, plays pianos for gold	
THURSDAY	O	for Otero, the dancer so bold.	
FRIDAY	L	stands for Lillian, Americas pride	
SATURDAY	I	stands for Irving, who walks with a stride	
SUNDAY	O	stands for Others, who sing as they go	
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WEEK-DAY		SUNDAY	

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The Black Cat

A Monthly Magazine of Original Short Stories.

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No. 27.

DECEMBER, 1897.

5 cents a copy.
50 cents a year.

Entered at the Post-Office at Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.

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A Celestial Crime.*

BY CHARLES STUART PRATT.



NOT since Professor Webster of Harvard murdered his friend, Dr. Parkman, and cremated the body in the laboratory furnace, has any crime within college bounds approached that tragedy in sensational features — with one exception.

The extraordinary events I am about to relate make that exception. At the very start, however, I would like to say that the account of this later college tragedy includes no such revolting details as make a nightmare of even the memory of the Webster-Parkman case. This later tragedy, instead, involves a beautiful element of romance, while at the same time it surpasses the earlier in strangeness, especially in the startling solution of the mystery — a denouement quite without precedent, I believe, in the annals of crime.

On the evening of the 14th of November, President Everett of Banvard College — for obvious reasons the names of persons and places are slightly veiled — gave a reception, which closely connected events rendered the most famous in the history of the old university town.

This reception was in honor of a young Norwegian explorer, who had a short time before made the pioneer crossing of Greenland on skees. With him, however, this narrative is not concerned,

* This story received the first prize of \$1,000 in THE BLACK CAT prize competition, which closed March 31, 1897.

but rather with three of the college professors. These professors, in accepting the president's invitation, expressed their admiration of the lion of the evening, and their pleasure at the prospect of meeting him — yet each in his heart knew he was going, not to meet the explorer, but to meet the president's daughter.

The three professors were all comparatively young men. Prof. Henry Thurston had that fall been appointed to the chair of English Literature. In the popular mind he had won his spurs, in the pages of the *Free Lance* and the *North Continent*, in three or four headlong tilts against the new realism, and he had just published a novel which sustained his leadership of the romantic school in America — all of which would indicate the man of imagination and fervid temperament.

Prof. Gordon Browne, after sailing close to the wind of dogma through his divinity course, and then plunging into the Toynbee Hall work in London, and later into the college settlement beginnings at home, was now occupying the newly established chair of Applied Christianity. Professor Browne and Professor Thurston were cousins, and the two had been given their education and start in life by a wealthy uncle, a man of rigid views and notable piety. It is perhaps needless to name in this connection the nephew that stood nearest the old man's heart.

The third of the three professors, Spencer Whitney, was the son of the now aged theological war-horse of the university, from whom he had inherited an introspective mind and a New England conscience. He was the assistant astronomer, and had attracted some attention in scientific circles by certain discoveries in what might be called microscopic astronomy, and by two monographs on meteoric dust and the cosmic origin of aerolites.

Neither of the three professors had married; but, having successfully passed the preparatory stage of life, and reached assured positions, it is not surprising that they had come to the conclusion of the male sex in general, that it is not good for man to be alone; still less is it surprising that on the night of the 14th of November, the daughter of their college president should have been a greater attraction than an Arctic adventurer. Miss Everett most certainly merited their admiration.

The president's reception was a distinct success. The climax of interest for those present (and for two in particular) was

reached when the handsome blond Norwegian, clad in furs, skated into the great parlors on the identical pair of skees which had borne him across the snowfields and glaciers of Greenland. The sudden focusing of attention on this picturesque figure made the opportunity for one of the three professors to ask, and for Miss Everett to answer, a somewhat momentous question. Save for this *sub-rosa* incident, to which we shall refer later, the details of the evening are of no more concern to us than the lion of the evening himself. The real drama begins at the reception's end.

It was nearing midnight, and most of the guests had departed, when Professor Thurston and his cousin stepped out into the sharp November night. They at once entered into talk so earnest, so excited, that, as they passed out of the old colonial gate, and started down South Avenue toward Banvard Square, a policeman standing in the shadow of an elm pricked up his ears.

"But, cousin," one of them was saying, "listen to me, for heaven's sake, listen to me — you must do it!"

"Never," said the other, with suppressed vehemence, "never! And if ever you —"

A sudden gust of wind whirled away the rest of the sentence, and before the next lull the two had passed beyond the policeman's hearing. "Look out," he muttered, "breakers ahead!"

Barely had he settled back once more, when a third person came out of the gate, glanced down the avenue toward the other two, then strode off in the same direction. At the instant of turning, the street light fell on his face, and the policeman noted its pallor and strained expression, then idly wondered if, after all, it was not the ghastly effect of the electric glare — yet he was sure he heard the man cry out, half under breath, "Too late — lost!"

The grounds of Banvard College, a long triangle of grassy lawns, shrubbery, and great elms that have been generations in growing their spreading pendulous branches, lie between South and North Avenues. These avenues converge to the west, and finally meet in the paved space of Banvard Square. Numerous paths wind across from avenue to avenue, one or another touching in its course all the older college buildings. Some of the more recent, such as the gymnasium and the observatory, have straggled off into the region on the other side of North Avenue. A little way out from the southwest corner of Banvard Square stand the

great buildings of the college press, and beyond lie the marshy meadows through which flow the tidal waters of the James.

Not far from the end of the college grounds, where the last of the winding walks widens midway into a circle bordered by rhododendrons, stands the statue of Banvard, the college founder. As the cousins reached the entrance to this last path they halted for a minute or two, still talking in the same vehement manner; then, with an impatient gesture, Professor Thurston whirled on his heel, and Professor Browne turned into the gravel walk, and quickly disappeared among the shrubbery.

At this moment Professor Whitney, a few rods in the rear, his quick eye noting the actions of his fellow-professors, also turned off the avenue, and struck into a path which, running at a diverging angle from the other, led in the direction of the observatory.

Professor Thurston, after a dozen steps on toward the Square, stopped abruptly, whirled about, quickly retraced his steps, hesitated, and then started swiftly along the path his cousin had taken.

Almost immediately he reappeared, stepped hesitatingly out upon the sidewalk, dashed off, stopped, then wheeled back again to the entrance. With slight variations these movements were thrice repeated, in a manner indicating great excitement and still greater indecision. Finally, with a nervous toss of the head, and the firm step of resolve, he walked swiftly to the Square, and along the diagonal flagging to the southwest exit.

Professor Thurston had not observed, at the moment of leaving the college grounds, a police officer who, coming almost simultaneously around the corner from the side street opposite, had stood and watched his zigzag movements, and then taken the same direction along the opposite sidewalk.

Presently the professor came to the little square in front of the college press. Off to the right ran the old residential street where he boarded. He had set one foot on the flagged walk to cross over to this street, when he stopped rigid in his tracks, clapped his right hand to his hip pocket, and exclaimed, "My God!" in a tone low but distinctly audible in the midnight stillness.

Professor Thurston did not cross the street, just then. For a full minute he stood, one foot on the flagging, one on the sidewalk, his right hand at his hip pocket, his left pushing his hat back from his forehead, as if in perplexity or profound thought.

He then walked rapidly along the side of the little square, and at the corner of the block turned and quickened his pace along a deserted cross street.

Once he half halted and glanced back over his shoulder, as one does on hearing stealthy steps following in the night, but no human being was in sight on the street behind him.

Turning upon a wider thoroughfare, he soon passed the ragged edge of the town, and felt in his nostrils the pungent scent of the marshes, and in his eye the gleam of moonlight upon flowing water. The road was walled up five or six feet above the meadows, and ran straight across them, and on a dead level, save where it rose and bridged the river, a quarter mile out from the town.

Once a dull thud, as of one jumping from a height, caused the professor to glance back a second time. Had he been more disturbed, or even curious enough to cross the street and look down over the railing, he might have caught a glimpse of a vague form, which presently followed in the shadow of the wall, and momentarily peered over the top toward the object of its pursuit.

But Professor Thurston did not cross the street, nor did he again look back over his shoulder. On the bridge he stopped, thrust his right hand into his hip pocket, drew forth a small object, and tossed it over the railing. There was a falling gleam as of polished metal, a splash, and silence.

And in the silence there rolled out over the meadows the mellow boom of the midnight bells. The sound and the scene called up the famous bridge-song of another college professor, who was a poet, and who also once "stood on the bridge at midnight, as the clocks were striking the hour." In a rich vibrant voice the professor chanted :

"How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide !

And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

"But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea ;

"For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,

And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me."

Professor Thurston walked back into town with a swift unhesitating step. At his own door he slipped the latch-key into the narrow slot with a hand nervous, perhaps, but unfumbling. As he turned up the light and drew the shades, and then for a

long time paced the room in a state of high excitement, he little thought that, every time his shadow crossed the plain area of the curtain, two keen eyes over the way noted the pose of that phantom professor, the character of its movement, and drew conclusions therefrom. Such was the fact. When, at last, the light went out, Sergeant Pike, the police officer who had at first followed Professor Thurston from curiosity, and later with his detective instinct roused, walked to the nearest street-lamp and looked at his watch. It was twenty-three minutes of four.

The next morning Professor Thurston was late at breakfast. Mrs. Dorothy Richards, the elderly lady who made a home for the young man, was the widow of a college official. For many years she had lightened her loneliness and buttressed her tottering fortunes by boarding a succession of widower and bachelor professors. She was a motherly soul, and had shared the depressions of the older and the elations of the younger. To Henry Thurston she was like some kind old aunt, humoring his whims, and with assumed authority demanding his secrets.

On this particular morning, as she took up the silver tongs and selected the exact measure of sugar which suited the professor's taste in coffee, and poured the yellow cream over the sparkling cubes, she gave a dubious little nod that set a-quiver the violet ribbons of her morning-cap. Then through her gold-bowed glasses she sent a teasing glance across the table, and remarked:

"You came in late, last night, Professor—I was awake myself, at the time, and afterwards—and I hoped the excitement that kept you walking your room for hours was of a happy nature!"

"Quite so, my dear Mrs. Richards—indeed, it was an absolutely blissful excitement. I'd like to tell you the secret, but, really, I don't dare speak it aloud as yet—I might whisper it, though," he added, and stepped around the table and whispered in her ear. "Do you wonder now that I walked the floor?" he asked, as he resumed his seat and faced her across the table, a dancing light in his eyes and a manly red in his cheeks.

"Not a whit," replied Mrs. Richards, lifting the coffee-pot and pouring the rich brown liquid over the cream and sugar, while a heightened color followed the smile over her delicate old face. "I was sure I detected the buoyancy of good fortune in your step, and could hardly wait till morning to congratulate you."

"I thank you," said the professor, taking his cup of coffee.

"And what is more," went on Mrs. Richards, shaking her plump forefinger at the professor, "I believe I can guess —"

Just what Mrs. Richards guessed will never be known — she did not finish the sentence. At that instant the shrill cry of a newsboy penetrated the windows like the screech of a steam whistle.

"*Globe* extra! Terrible crime! Professor Browne murdered by the Banvard statue on the college green! Full — account —"

Professor Thurston's coffee-cup fell with a crash, and the red receded from his face.

"Your cousin!" cried Mrs. Richards, horror in her voice.

She had started up to call the newsboy, when the bell rang sharply. As she hurried into the hall and opened the door, an officer pushed by and into the room.

"Professor Thurston, I believe?" inquired the man.

The professor was apparently too overcome to speak. He bowed his head in answer.

"It is then my unhappy duty," said the officer, with a triumphant air that rather belied his words, "to arrest you for the murder of Professor Browne."

"Stop!" cried Mrs. Richards, facing the officer, a flame of indignation in her face. "Why, the two men are cousins, and have lived like brothers!"

"Precisely. Cain and Abel were brothers," remarked the officer drily.

"You brute!" was all Mrs. Richards could find voice to say — and so saying she sank into a chair, and burst into helpless tears.

Professor Thurston stood like one dazed. "Poor Gordon, poor Gordon!" he repeated over and over. "Only last night I left him at the college grounds."

"Yes," interjected the officer, "and he was found just where you left him, on the college grounds, by the Banvard statue."

The professor took no notice. "Poor Gordon!" he repeated — "and to think I had hot words with him, the very last night!"

"Look here!" exclaimed the officer, laying his hand roughly on the professor's arm, "you're not obliged to incriminate yourself further — and there is no time — you must come with me."

At this Professor Thurston roused himself. "I am ready to go," he said simply. And then, stepping to Mrs. Richards, he

took her hand. "Good friend," he said, "cheer up! It's but a dreadful blunder — all will come out right. Good-by."

She could not reply, and the sound of sobbing followed the two men out of the door.

The lip-to-lip telegraphy which carries the news of disaster or crime through a crowded town is well-nigh miraculous. At 6.45 A. M. a janitor crossing the college grounds had discovered, by the Banvard statue, the body of the murdered professor. By 7.30 the news had reached the outskirts in every direction. Careful statistics gathered by the *Globe* reporters, and tabulated by the Banvard professor of mathematics, demonstrated that the average speed of the news was one mile in eleven minutes.

Close on the heels of this first sensation sped the no less startling news of the arrest of the murderer, and the murderer's surprising identity — then both burst the town barriers and flashed with electric swiftness over the country, and under the sea to London and the university centers of the continent.

Before the first shock had subsided, the press set its reporters at work, and kept the public at the fever point by its discoveries and theories. One enterprising reporter ingeniously disguised himself as the college chaplain, and gained entrance to the prisoner's cell. Professor Thurston instantly penetrated the deception, but before the man was ejected he made certain observations of such vital moment that they were published under scare-heads, and specially despatched by the Amalgamated Press — to wit, the disconcerting color of the murderer's hair and eyes, a peculiar and sinister twist of his moustache, and the precise number of gold fillings in his incisor teeth.

A week later, a great morning journal, whose chief purpose in existing was to anti-climax its evening contemporaries, published full details of a daring burglary at the home of Mrs. Dorothy Richards, of the capture of the burglar in Professor Thurston's writing room, and the finding in his possession of an important piece of evidence which had escaped the search of the detectives. This was a paper in Professor Thurston's handwriting, apparently the plot of a romantic novel, in which the hero acquired fortune by murdering the man who stood in the way of his heirship. The connection between this plot on paper and the murder of Prof. Gordon Browne was obvious, as will presently appear.

The notes for the novel undoubtedly led to the rumor, published with full details, that Professor Thurston in his solitary cell was writing an autobiographic romance, embodying the secretest secrets of his recent crime ; and that this book was being set up on three new linotype machines, and would be published simultaneously in English, French and German on the day of his execution.

The achievements of the press reached a climax, shortly before the trial, in the astounding discovery, announced with profoundest regrets and with profoundest sympathy for the distinguished family, that Miss Everett, the beautiful daughter of the president of Banvard College, was in some as yet unrevealed way implicated in the murder of Gordon Browne. The very vagueness of this report opened the way to the wildest conjectures.

On the opening day of the trial, the extraordinary circumstances of the case, and the character and position of those concerned, crowded the court-room. College dignitaries, ladies of social rank, eminent lawyers, packed every available space. Hundreds fairly fought for entrance. Could seats have been had for money, they would have gone at a higher premium than the favorite chairs at the Symphony concerts.

The counsel for the prosecution, after alluding to the peculiar wickedness of what might very properly be called a fratricidal crime, said, with an air of deep conviction, that while no eye had witnessed the murder of Prof. Gordon Browne, the motives for that murder were so evident, and the chain of circumstantial evidence so clear, and unbroken, and convincing, that the calling of witnesses became little more than a legal formality preceding the verdict of guilty. He would therefore briefly demonstrate, with the exactness of a problem in Euclid, that Prof. Henry Thurston, moved by the two chief motives to murder, cupidity and jealousy, had, on the night of the 14th of November, at twenty-five minutes to twelve, by the Banvard statue on the college grounds, murdered his fellow-professor, his cousin, his almost brother, by one terrible blow from the butt of a pocket revolver — a cowardly blow, struck from behind.

The prosecution first proceeded to prove its theory of the avarice motive to the murder, touching lightly Professor Thurston's personal finances, and depending principally on the will of the prisoner's uncle, lately deceased, by which, without so much

as a dollar's allowance to the prisoner, his vast fortune was conveyed entire to the prisoner's cousin, Professor Browne. The prisoner was shown to be the next heir-at-law.

Following this, with much expressed regret at the necessity of dragging the name of so honored a lady into the case, evidence was submitted to show the intense rivalry of the two cousins for the hand of Miss Everett.

Then, starting with President Everett's reception, the events of that night were passed before the lime-light of legal scrutiny. The policeman stationed that night before the president's home related how the two professors left the gate in hot dispute, and testified to the threat he had half overheard.

The murdered professor's watch had been crushed in his fall. It had stopped at twenty-five minutes to twelve.

The chief witness for the prosecution, Sergeant Pike, came on the stand with the same air of being master of the situation which he had worn on the morning of the arrest. He had turned on to South Avenue, opposite the path leading by the Banvard statue, at twenty-three or four minutes to twelve—one or two minutes after the murdered man's watch had stopped—and at that instant had observed the prisoner emerge from the aforementioned path under most violent excitement.

Sergeant Pike described in detail the rousing of his curiosity, which gradually changed to suspicion, and then to conviction, as he had followed the professor in his night walks. He made much of the incoherent raving of the prisoner while on the bridge, after he had thrown some glittering object over the rail—his ear had caught some of the crazy sentences, about being carried off by the ebb tide, and something he couldn't bear, and a rigmarole about burying something in the sea. His description of the shadow pantomime on the curtain was damaging evidence.

Mrs. Richards was obliged to corroborate the floor walking, as well as the admission of "hot words" at the time of the arrest, though she endeavored to give both a favorable interpretation.

Sergeant Pike then related how at daybreak he had again visited the bridge, and, the tide being down, had discovered what he believed to be the glittering object the prisoner had thrown over the rail—a nickel-mounted pocket revolver. Although tossed well out from the upper side of the bridge, the combined current

of the river and the ebbing tide had borne it back again as it sank, until it had lodged among the rocks at the base of the pier.

A hardware clerk identified this revolver as one he had sold to Professor Thurston somewhere between the tenth and fourteenth of November, about the twelfth, he should say.

Medical experts testified that death had followed almost instantaneously on the crashing in of the victim's skull. With a plaster cast they made clear, by the position and direction of the depression, that the blow must have fallen from above and behind.

The butt of the pistol fitted this depression.

Closing this final evidence, the famous expert, holding out the death-mask in his left hand, raised the revolver by the barrel in his right, and said solemnly :

"For one instant, on that fatal night of the 14th of November, this revolver was raised above the innocent head from which was made this mask — for one instant — then descended the terrific blow which crushed the skull, and crushed out the life, of Gordon Browne."

As he spoke these words, he brought the revolver down on the fragile death-mask with a crash that sent its fragments flying over the court-room and into the faces of judge and jury.

This dramatic demonstration of the murder was pictured in all the evening papers, and carried conviction to their readers. Had the public been the jury that night, they would have given the verdict of guilty without leaving their seats.

The following day — it was now the second week of the trial — Professor Thurston went on the stand. He appeared serious, but neither agitated nor depressed. Indeed, this had been the manner of the man through the trial, and it had called out much comment, a few holding it to be the air of innocence, most, however, regarding it as brazen audacity. The reporters had dilated on the man's colossal coolness and iron nerve. One keen-eyed reporter had gone so far as to assert that at the awful moment when the revolver had shattered the death-mask, and men turned pale and women screamed, he had seen a smile on the face of the prisoner.

Professor Thurston's defense consisted chiefly in a new interpretation of the events of the fatal night, rather than a denial of the events themselves. He admitted the dispute with Professor Browne. His cousin had come to him previous to the reception,

and proposed to divide equally with him the fortune left by their uncle. He had refused to accept the gift — money which his uncle had deliberately decided to withhold from him. On leaving the president's house at the close of the reception, Professor Browne had again pressed the matter, and he had impatiently threatened that if ever his cousin mentioned it again he would cut his acquaintance. Nevertheless, his cousin had continued his arguments and persuasions as they walked down South Avenue.

At the entrance to the path leading past the Banvard statue, Professor Browne had struck across the grounds toward his home. They had parted with some hot words on his part, words which a moment later he had regretted, and with the purpose of recalling them he had turned back and started to overtake his cousin. After a minute, not coming in sight of Professor Browne, he had returned to the avenue, and had then very likely acted with the indecision noted by Sergeant Pike.

Reaching the neighborhood of the college press, he had suddenly thought of the revolver in his pocket, and moved by a sudden impulse he had walked out to the bridge and thrown it into the river. The crazy rigmarole he was credited with was simply a few verses of a poem by one Longfellow, a college professor.

On request, Professor Thurston recited these verses, with such effect that the manager of a leading lecture bureau, who chanced to be present, made this memorandum :

“ If he escapes hanging, offer him \$500 a night for fifty public readings.”

Professor Thurston stated that he had walked his room till the hour reported, under the excitement of a great happiness which had lately befallen him. He declined to define that happiness. He also declined to account for buying and then throwing away the revolver. He did not refer to the motive of jealousy.

The first witness on the following morning was Miss Everett. Her appearance created a sensation. Ladies lifted their lorgnettes, and leveled their opera glasses, and stared. Men whistled under breath. Miss Everett wore no symbol of solemnity. She stood in the murky court-room like an Aurora — attired in a marvelous arrangement of brownish moss-green, slashed and enlivened by coppery pink, and heightened to æsthetic splendor by a corsage decoration of Mermet roses.

"I have insisted," she said, with clear directness, "on making a statement in behalf of the prisoner which his sense of honor has prevented his making for himself. On the evening of the 14th of November, at my father's reception, I promised to become the wife of Prof. Henry Thurston. I believe this disposes of the motive of jealousy." In a flash she added, "Would I had the power to disprove all other charges, which are equally false."

Then she turned toward the prisoner with a radiant smile — and the look that flashed between them quickened the heartbeats of the women, and made every man present wish himself for the instant in the place of the prisoner. One man, whose eyes never left the face of the witness, would gladly have taken that place had he known the next step would have been to the gallows.

Later on in the trial, Professor Thurston, being again on the witness stand, said that he felt in duty bound, now that Miss Everett's statement had loosed the seal of silence, to make an explanation in regard to the unaccounted-for revolver. He had, he said, previous to the reception, been intensely jealous of his now dead cousin, and of one other among Miss Everett's admirers. Hope had alternated with wild despair; and during a period of depression he had bought the revolver, determined to end his life should he be rejected. He could not now say, he added, whether he should have carried out that purpose, but it was his deliberate intention at the time. Along by the college press he had suddenly thought of the revolver, then useless, and on the impulse of the moment had hurried out to the bridge over the James and thrown it into the river. It was under the elation of his happiness that afterward he had walked his room till twenty-three minutes of four.

The trial neared its end. The chief evidence for the defense, touching the events of the night of the murder, on which the verdict really hung, lay in the unsupported statements of the prisoner. Over against this stood the more tangible evidence for the prosecution, the whole array of compromising circumstances, with the crushed skull, the revolver fitting the depression, and the prisoner, the acknowledged owner of that revolver, emerging from the path one minute after the stopping of the dead man's watch.

Miss Everett's words and presence had, indeed, made a favora-

ble impression. The attorney for the prosecution, however, tarnished the brightness of this impression by dragging it through the dust as a cunning trick to win the sympathy of the jury and dazzle them with her beauty. In his summing up he ignored the jealousy motive, but added the engagement to his argument on the avarice side. He ridiculed the suicide afterthought. He made the most of the evidence of the medical experts.

He would credit the prisoner, he said, with inventing a most ingenious story, which dovetailed into the actual facts, established by his witnesses, in a way quite worthy of a romantic novelist — but what was such a story worth? — was not the prisoner a man trained to the business of devising plots? — was not the romantic novelist, in short, a professional literary liar?

This closing sentence formed the topic of editorials in the next issue of all the literary journals in the country. In the pages of the *Free Lance* and the *North Continent* there were mighty tournaments, between the adherents of the romantic and realistic schools, over the problem of a novelist's veracity.

The judge had delivered his charge. The jury had been out some hours, and still had not reached an agreement. The foreman had asked once and again for instructions, which the judge had given, adding to the last the injunction that the minority must give due weight not only to the evidence but to the opinion of the majority — a point which, as I remember, called out much adverse comment in the legal reviews of the trial.

Slowly the clock ticked away the minutes of the silent waiting. The late afternoon light was waning — yet no one left the crowded court-room. The suspense was becoming unbearable, when, at last, the jury filed back, and the foreman announced the verdict:

“Guilty!”

Miss Everett was evidently unprepared for this. She turned to her father's face with a look of inquiry and amazed unbelief, but reading there the whole horrible truth, she turned toward the prisoner, and her very soul went out in the cry, “Henry!”

And back through the shuddering hush of the crowded court-room came the firm answer, “My love!”

For sixty awful seconds the court and the people sat dumb before this sacred expression and interchange of love. An agony of sympathy clutched at every throbbing heart.

A sudden movement, a low inarticulate cry, caused every one to bend toward the back of the room. A tall figure had risen in the gathering gloom. The man's dark not-old face seemed suddenly to have turned aged and ashen.

"Stop!" he commanded, in a voice that sounded far and sepulchral. "Stop! The verdict must be reversed! Henry Thurston is not guilty!" Those near saw the man stagger against the back of the chair in front of him. "I must speak," he added.

The judge broke the silence of astonishment that followed. "Professor Whitney," he said, "this is unprecedented procedure, but your father's name, and your own, entitle you to attention. Speak on."

"First, let me say that Professor Thurston has stated the exact truth as to his parting with his cousin. I was behind them as they walked down the avenue. I saw the parting, as I turned into another path to cross over to the observatory. I saw Professor Thurston start after his cousin, and almost immediately turn back to the avenue, hesitate, and then walk on toward the Square."

"But why in God's name, knowing this, have you been silent?" broke in the judge.

"Because I am a guilty man," came the answer in a voice shaken with emotion — "because, before the bar of my own conscience I stand condemned of intended murder, not of Gordon Browne, but of the man before me, of Henry Thurston. Confession must be part of my punishment. I loved the woman who is to be Henry Thurston's wife. When Gordon Browne was found dead, my heart leaped because one rival was removed; when Henry Thurston was arrested for his murder, my heart exulted that he, too, was to be taken from my path. Knowing his innocence, knowing shortly, too, the instrument of his cousin's death, I buried his deliverance in my heart, and waited for my time to come. Miss Everett's heroic avowal let loose within me a hideous doubt; it unleashed the scorpions of conscience—from that hour I have been in hell! The two cries that followed the verdict broke the last fetter of my damnable delusion, and I could speak."

In the ghastly half-light the man's face was terrible to look upon. Moved by a pitying purpose of turning the current of self-accusation, the judge asked, "But if Henry Thurston did not murder his cousin, who did?"

"No man — no man murdered Gordon Browne. It was a celestial crime — if crime there be."

A vague suspicion that they were listening to a man crazed by the tension of excitement and mental torture began to show itself in faces here and there. But, led outside of himself, the man now spoke with comparative calmness.

"I am, as you know, the assistant professor of astronomy. It was my purpose to spend the night after the reception at the observatory. The night of the 14th of November is of special interest to astronomers who are making meteoric studies, for on that night the earth, still passing through the great November swarm of meteors from the radiant of Taurus, also intersects in its orbit the distinct swarm from the radiant of Leo, known as Leonids.

"As I crossed the college grounds, with eyes half lifted, noting the direction of the faint lines of light now and then momentarily traced on the dark azure, I was conscious of a dazzling meteoric light half behind, to the left, and in turning had a glimpse of trailing fire which seemed to descend into the tree-tops. But such glimpses are so deceptive that I gave it no special thought, and went on to the observatory, where I spent the night.

"In the morning, when I heard of the murder and the crushed temple, in a flash I saw again the meteoric trail descending — it was, I now recalled, in the very direction of the Banvard statue — and I seemed to recall also a sound of impact, as if recorded by the sub-conscious act of memory. Could it be? — had that fiery meteoric stone struck down Professor Browne?

"When the crowds had dispersed, I went to the scene of the murder. As I was searching the ground near about, poking in under the rhododendrons, the old gardener, who was setting up among them a winter protection of evergreens, spoke to me. 'Be you the stone professor? — now, there's a queer one,' said he, pointing with his toe.

"I had no need to look further, and wrapping the rounded stone in my handkerchief I hurried home. When in my study I unfolded the aerolite, I started — not at the mass of blended stone and iron with its fused surface, but at something attached to it — a charred fragment of skin-like substance, with a few scorched hairs — in color the same as the hair of the dead professor.

"I knew I held in my hand the secret of the murder. That

tangible evidence of the truth of my words is now at the service of the defense. I predict that the meteoric stone will fit the crushed temple more exactly than the butt of the revolver. I predict that microscopic examination of the attached hairs will establish their identity with the hair on the head of the dead man. I believe it will show singed hair above the crushed temple."

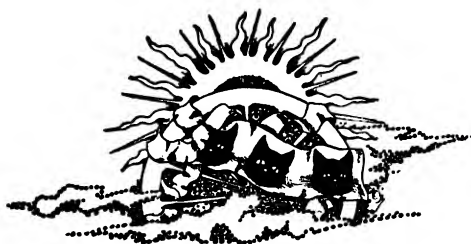
With these words Prof. Spencer Whitney sank back into his seat. The death-like silence that ensued was broken by a woman's sob — and then a cheer went up that shook the walls with a great rejoicing.

The verdict was already reversed in the hearts and minds of court and people. I need hardly add that expert testimony established all Professor Whitney had said and predicted, and that the legal reversal of the verdict shortly followed.

Some time after Henry Thurston's marriage, the professor of English literature, and the assistant professor of astronomy, in the course of a long walk and a long talk which went to the healing of a lacerated soul, had come to the bridge over the James. The air was vibrant with the soft melodies of the night wind through the marsh grass, and fragrant with the aroma of the sea, and the light of the mellow moon lay over the tidal river. As on one night memorable to both men, the famous bridge-poem came to mind, and Professor Thurston chanted low these words :

" And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes ;

" The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows, shall appear
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here."



The Affairs of Anne.

BY LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS.



It was really such a simple matter for any one who knew human nature to find out Anne that I could not bring myself to feel conceited over it. Given an extensive social experience, including an acquaintance with the genus Girl in her every mood, tense, and manifestation, and given in addition a knowledge of physiognomy — girl physiognomy — how was I to resist the resistless fact that Anne was a coquette?

Her confessions were superfluity itself. To doubt Truth to be a liar is all too easy; but to doubt deep cinnamon-brown eyes with curly lashes, a nose with the wee tip-tilt which comes, I am assured, from ultra-familiarity with, if not contempt for sacrificial incense — and oh, above all, to doubt the hair of the shade accredited to Lilith and Cleopatra and their kind, on I'm sure I don't know whose authority — I could never doubt the hair! And then I knew — what I knew. The only question was, how much was I at liberty to impart to Laurence Drew?

But one cannot tell a story backward. Before Laurence comes the history of the affairs, and before them comes the history of Anne herself. What that might have been during the nine years when I had never seen, and, truth to tell, hardly ever thought of her, I had had no idea, when the news that she was visiting in our neighborhood had inspired me to invite her to my home. But one minute's glance at her when she arrived left me in little doubt as to how a good portion of that time had been spent. For one thing, she wore no rings. Your true flirt never does; they induce conclusions.

The school whence my sister and I had graduated nine years ago, leaving Anne behind us a hopeless junior, had one remarkable though unadvertised feature. No boys' academy, college, or institution of learning of any sort could be found within the confines of the county. That was doubtless the reason why Anne

never got into trouble over clandestine flirtations, for she was in everything else. I recalled her a bright, saucy little cricket of a girl, of whom you would have suspected as the last thing in the world that she was the daughter of a New England clergyman; with no promise of the *beaux yeux* which she afterward developed.

Since then, however, all these things had been added to her: a prettier girl had never crossed the threshold of my home, which, considering the quantity and quality of young girlhood that it has been my constant practise to entertain since my marriage, is saying something. Nor had her brightness left her; no trace of her rural life and surroundings showed in her almost appalling familiarity with books, music, ART, University Extension — and all that goes to make that dread word Culture. But the sauciness had departed, and Anne was grown demure. Her beauty led me — in haste — to invite my cousin, Laurence Drew, to spend August with us; her demureness almost led me to a leisurely repentance.

For if, when my house party of girls had assembled at bedtime in Anne's room to take down their hair, and open the flood gates of confidence,—I don't know why the two things so invariably go together, but they do,—she had talked like Josie Lang, that would have been one thing. Josie is as near a specimen of the Renovated Woman as has penetrated into our quiet Southern rusticity. Secretly, it is said, she is engaged to a young man in the North, to whom she refers in the bosom of her family as "that fool in New York"; but to the outside world she talks something like this:—

"The trouble is that, as Rousseau says, man is a radical mistake. No, I'm not going on a tirade with my mouth full of hairpins. But by your own testimony he is one great incarnate Annoyance; always either being too fond of you, or not fond enough, or not fond at all, which I suppose is worst of all. I don't know much about it; I keep out of it, thank Heaven! What's a man, when you can have a bicycle?"

"Now, I'd put that differently?" said Eva Drew, who happens to be my sister. "What's a bicycle, if you can't have a man?"

Never a word of this nonsense did we hear, however, from Anne, though I knew more than to expect it, anyhow, with her hair and complexion. But she did not join in the nightly confidences —

either. Now, every one knows how these revelations begin, and proceed, and — no, do *not* end, at least while two of the girls are awake to continue the low-toned conversation. There is no idea at the outset of its drifting into such a tender and *intime* strain. On the contrary, it commences, especially since Anne's arrival, with the discussion of — say — whether or not we overrate the importance of the Renaissance; imperceptibly gliding from that to the glories, real or supposed, of the age of chivalry, thus leading up to the disappearance (also real or supposed) of real manly chivalry from the face of the earth (at this point everybody gets roused); thus digressing into the way some men treat some women, and *vice versa* (here everybody talks at once, and if Josie Lang is present she pounds the marble of the bureau with the hair-brush), which finally brings up a whole series of half hints, whole hints, and frank disclosures; and here only one girl speaks at a time, her hands clasped on her knee, and her voice occasionally breaking into a nervous giggle, while the other girls listen with respect, which is a lively sense of attention to come with their turn.

And through all this sat Mistress Anne with that air of unearthly decorum which made Eva open fire on her rather sooner than I — listening with the indulgent smile to which I was entitled by a three years' tenure of the marriage ring — had intended: —

"Anne waits to be asked, before she tells us her heart experiences. Out with them, Anne; red hair speaks for itself."

"Haven't any to tell," fibbed Anne, an eloquent pink rising to dispute the point, on cheek, and forehead, and even neck. As she spoke, I noticed on one of the hands clasped lazily behind her head something which assuredly had not been there when she first came, an inconspicuous little true-love-knot ring. And my heart sank for my cousin Laurence — since, not having yet made Anne's acquaintance, his could not sink with a sense of its own loss.

"Anne, dear, you should learn to blush less or tell the truth more," said Milly Hathorn; but Anne, still blushing furiously, and slipping the ringed hand, not so swiftly but that I saw it, under her coil, told us that New England girls didn't live in such an atmosphere of sickly sentimentality as did we Southerners.

"Splendid!" cried Josie Lang enthusiastically; but Milly drawled: —

"No, Anne has one of those New England consciences we've heard about, and it won't let her exhibit the scalps of her victims; isn't that so?"

Oddly enough, Anne used that self-same phrase — "a New England conscience" — when she told me about the Rev. Oswald Waite. For of course I knew exactly what value to set on her denials; and it was not long before I heard Anne's heart story. It was rather a sad little story, told with a tremulous lip and an eye which grew misty now and then, in spite of a pathetic little affectation of airiness and indifference, and a conscientious comment that while it seemed tragic that they could not marry, it was really just as well,— oh, better! for she knew she did not really love him enough for *that*. I smiled; I had heard a great many girls talk, before Anne.

But her next words, I confess, did startle me. "You see," gazing anxiously into my eyes, "you can't break in a hurry with a man who's loved you ever since you were a frowsy, red-headed little schoolgirl. It began when I was fifteen —"

"Why, Anne!" I burst out. "How did you — excuse me, but how did you ever get to see him?" For I had cause to know that dragon discipline would be under suspicion of laxity in comparison with that practised in the Hanover Female Seminary.

"Don't you remember," said Anne in a low voice, her face a perfect sunset of blushes, "I didn't go to church with you others, because father wouldn't let me attend anything but the Unitarian church? Well, Oswald used to relieve the old pastor sometimes — he was studying theology — and we used to meet after church sometimes; oh, don't ask me! You've been through all that yourself."

But, indeed, I was beyond asking her about anything; and my opinion of her generalship distinctly rose, together with a dim, shadowy suspicion quickly dismissed. Could such talent for winning a lover at so early and comparatively unattractive an age, and for keeping so interesting a fact to one's self in a house full of schoolgirls, and defending it from discovery by the genius tutelary of Hanover — could this, indeed should it, all be wasted on one man, a man whom she could never marry?

"He's changed his views, as I said," she went on, "and I haven't, and what's twice more important, father hasn't. Even a

pale-blue Presbyterian would be too much for him; and there isn't a tint of pallor in Oswald's orthodoxy. He's written me letters twenty pages long on the Westminster Confession,—that is, nearly all about that. And as I tell him, I may be a lost sheep, but I've enough of the good old stubborn New England conscience to stay in my own fold—as long as father lives, anyway. Why, I never dared even tell him about Oswald. He'd never consent, nor I marry without his consent," and she sighed a little wearily. In spite of the sigh, I must confess to such a selfish sense of relief on hearing that her affair had a comfortable element of the hopeless about it, that I did not try to persuade her out of her scruples. For she was very, very pretty, and very, very congenial to us; and as Laurence is my favorite cousin, in fact, more like a brother than a cousin, I had been trying to find him a wife who should suit both him and myself, and had never succeeded. So steeling myself to the claims of the Rev. Oswald Waite, I wrote and affectionately reminded Laurence of his August visit.

The ring was, of course, Mr. Waite's! Curiosity as to whether she would break her hitherto somewhat haughty reserve, and confide in Eva also, was the only reason why I hesitated in the shadow of the doorway, when, a few nights later, I came to call the girls in to bed, and found them engaged on the one great topic which age cannot wither, or custom stale to girlish lips.

"There is one thing I cannot understand," said Eva, in that hushed subterranean voice one adopts in such cases, "and that is how girls can be really, truly, honestly in love with two men at once, as they sometimes say they are. It's a mystery to me."

"Not to me, Eva." Anne's voice would have been inaudible to ears not sharp. "The fact is — You will never tell? Well, then, I've been engaged to two men at the same time. As to being in love with them, I don't pretend, and never did pretend to that exactly; but I'm too fond of both to definitely break with either," and she sighed. "Life's an awful coil!"

"And are you engaged to them now?" asked Eva in awesome accents. "Oh!" with an excited gurgle, that showed how quickly lack of principle can communicate itself. "Tell me, who are they? O Anne, you dear, dreadful, delightful thing!"

And while the possessor of a New England father and a New England conscience complied quite coolly and with an occasional

cynical laugh at the weak folly of men, I stood in the darkness and gnashed my teeth. I thought of Laurence Drew, whom I had invited with such *emprassement* to venture his precious head within the jaws of such a deeply deceitful, heartlessly unscrupulous, fatally fascinating little lioness. I thought of the Rev. Oswald Waite — poor boy! whom I had grown to like better since Anne had told me more of him, and whose picture stood on her bureau — a handsome, manly face, beardless, with firm-set jaw, which showed that he would no sooner relinquish his religious convictions than — as written in his deep, rather melancholy eyes, — he would give up his faithless sweetheart; the sweetheart whose voice, inconsistently enough, broke with emotion, perhaps with remorse, as she talked of him to Eva. But perhaps I may be forgiven for feeling most outraged when I thought of myself — of my sympathy over those wretched crocodile tears that graceless girl had shed, on showing me, as she pretended, her whole heart, when it was but the half. Half? How did I know it wasn't the twentieth? Hearts like Anne Parsons's can bear as many divisions as a picnic pie, and are nearly as robust in their constitution.

The other man, as I learned by listening, was much older than herself, much richer, and much more in love. She spent an unnecessary number of minutes in dilating on the extent to which he loved her, before coming down to his name. It was Jerome — Horace Jerome — and he was a prominent lawyer in a neighboring town, who had been instrumental in bringing the University Extension movement into Anne's native village. Here, too, she had the effrontery to drag in her marvelous conscience, explaining that he was "one of the kind who want you all to themselves, you know, Eva; and I'm sure he could never bear to hear about poor Oswald, any more than I could bear to give up Oswald for him, even if my conscience would let me. And I wouldn't feel comfortable marrying him without telling him. Oh, but men are a trouble and sorrow! Josie Lang is right."

"Then why not marry the young fellow, — the one you really love?" Eva, thank Heaven! is a true Southern girl.

"I can't marry him. And I'm not sure I do love him."

"Well, if you can't marry one and won't marry the other, and don't love either, I see no alternative but for you to live and die single," was my sister's practical comment. At that Anne

laughed — a laugh so high, so scornful, so reckless, that it startled me, who had thought I understood her.

“Little fear of that, thank you! not while —” And then both laugh and words suddenly ceased.

I followed her right up into her room, and asked her what she thought of herself, letting her see without much circumlocution what I thought of her. She was in a mood it seems harsh to call diabolic, and inaccurate to call anything else. She sat, the prettiest thing in the world, in her white nightdress, rocking back and forth in a chair, and apparently undisturbed by regrets. “You told me,” she said curtly, “you knew I was a coquette. I don’t see, any more than you, what there is surprising in a good-looking girl having lovers. You talk as if I were a bigamist.”

“You are — in spirit,” I said sternly. “And wearing that poor boy’s ring” — I pointed to the picture of her clerical fiancé — “at this very moment.”

She went so red that a sudden thought struck me. “Or is it the other man’s?” I asked. And when the red deepened and spread, “Anne,” I said, “how many more are there?”

“One,” she said defiantly, “one other; and if you ask me no questions I’ll tell you no lies!” and to my utter astonishment she put her pretty arm, slipping white and dimpled out of its white and ruffled sleeve, up to her face with the gesture of a grieving child; and with her face hid in that comforting crook, began to cry, at first softly, and then more and more wildly, till I was really frightened. But though not a word as to the personality of that “other” escaped her lips; and though I somehow could not ask her, I am not a fellow-woman for nothing. And in some undefined way I came to an exceedingly well-defined conclusion: that whatever feeling Anne might entertain or imagine she entertained for her two other lovers, the whole strength and passion of her heart were expended on the mysterious Third Person Singular; and furthermore — that it was a love far greater than that given in return, if, indeed, return there was. And, feeling thus, who could fail to relent, and pet and pity Anne, till her storm of tears was dried and she took her secret to bed with her? Who, save perhaps the Rev. Oswald Waite and Mr. Horace Jerome?

Our brief quarrel blown over, Anne and I were at peace. That, however, was more than Anne seemed to be with herself. But

she was the only girl I ever met, outside of a novel, whose spirituelle beauty seemed to nourish itself on inward turmoil and unhappiness. The outward signs that she was not so blithe and care free as she appeared were that she took to going herself for the mail, "because she was in the village anyway," she said. The ring disappeared from her finger as suddenly as it had appeared, then was worn for a day or two, then discarded again; and one day in helping her rummage for something through her trunk, Eva came across a photograph of a heavily handsome man, nearer middle life than youth, wearing — and with an air, I must say — a picturesque, medieval-looking suit of black velvet.

"Who's this, Anne?" called Eva. I can never be sufficiently thankful that it was she who found it, and could ask.

"Oh, that?" Anne tried to make her tone as cool as her face was crimson. "It's a man I acted in tableaux with one summer.

"Why didn't you have your pictures taken together?" asked that dear child.

"Too sentimental!" said Anne hastily.

Of course there was little question as to whom the original of the photograph might be, but just then I was less absorbed in the Third Person Singular who figured in Anne's still more singular affections than in the person who I very much feared would figure as the Fourth. Laurence Drew was coming that week. In the first flush of my rosy dreams regarding him and Anne I had carefully refrained from any reference to her charms, for fear of alarming the bird whom I desired — by proxy — to ensnare. Now I wished I had nauseated him with fulsome praise of her.

Of course my husband was away. On the rare occasions when you want to consult them, they always are. But after much self-communing I decided that, aside from my obligation in honor to keep Anne's secrets, should I warn Laurence, either he would make the eternal masculine comment on woman's charity to woman, or I would fatally interest him in her, by inciting him to prove that one man could resist the siren. If I said nothing, but left them alone together at every opportunity, he would think, "One of Hattie's match-making schemes!" and take alarm accordingly.

So, leaving all points open and undefended, I fortified one door

only, by a request to Anne: "Anne, will you give me your word of honor that you will not flirt with my cousin Laurence?"

"Honor bright!" said Anne solemnly.

And she kept it; oh, yes, she kept it! as the confirmed toper does his pledge, as the captured spy does his parole, as the burnt child respects the fire! Perhaps, indeed, she was not flirting with him; I believed her quite capable of loving him with that capacious, not to say comprehensive, heart of hers; but I did not want him loved that way! And with the perverseness of his sex, the tactics which would have disgusted him with Josie Lang or Milly Hathorn urged him headlong into love with a girl who was not only an arrant coquette, but still worse, a mysterious one. As Anne had not kept her plighted word of honor, why should I keep my unplighted word? So I forced myself to tell Laurence that Anne was a most captivating creature, and that I loved her like a sister, but that a more unprincipled flirt had never walked rough shod over the naked hearts of men. To my surprise, he merely nodded and said: "Yes, she told me, — said, 'Hattie will tell you I am a shocking flirt; but you must judge for yourself of that.' You women aren't very easy on each other, are you?" So it came, after all — that retort! I might have spared my pains.

Were they engaged? Somehow I was like the Queen of Sheba after seeing Solomon: there was no more spirit in me; I could not ask them. So the days wore on, Anne growing more and more radiant under the combined rain and sunshine of my manifest disapproval and Laurence's still more manifest approval. Yet sometimes in the mornings she looked as though she had been thinking of that nameless lover whose memory had thrown her into such wild weeping; and the little love-knot ring stayed on her hand. I ceased to speculate as to whether or not I would be called on to be cousin-in-law to an enigma, and left everything in the hands of Fate — when one day something happened.

We were all three sitting out under the trees, through which a strong breeze was frisking and my bits of sewing dotted the grass like giant snowflakes, with Laurence in constant pursuit. As he stooped to pick one up, something else fell at his feet, blown out of Anne's window from the table that stood by it; and he held it up at arm's length with the question, "Whose?"

It was inexcusable, I acknowledge it. Anne was my guest,

and I suppose I should have forgotten that Laurence was my cousin and that I was myself, with righteous indignation heated up to boiling point. "Why," I said, turning to her, "that is your clerical friend, Mr. Waite!"

Anne sat like a stone. Laurence's eyes, round with amazement at the manner of us two women, turned hopelessly from one to the other. "Who?" he asked. "Waite, Miss Anne!"

"Do you know him?" I asked in equal bewilderment, and was answered by a nod. The only person who seemed to comprehend the situation was Anne — Anne, who at the sound of his voice had flown fleet as a deer beyond, up the stairs and into her own room, whither I followed to find her fairly tearing the contents out of her bureau drawers and closets, and sweeping them into a confused heap into her trunk, which she was packing with feverish energy. Her face was set like one who has received a mortal stroke. "Don't speak to me," she panted. "Yes, I will go; no, I will not listen! I am going out of this house, never to see anybody again. No, you've done nothing; he's done nothing; I've done everything."

"Anne!" entreated a man's voice from the end of the corridor. She flung herself against the door and locked it. As she did so I noticed that little bits of cardboard, fragments of a photograph, strewn the floor. "If you want to save me from being humiliated *entirely* into the dust," said Anne to me, still with that tearless fierceness, "you'll order the trap brought round *instantly*, and take me to the station without a word. There's a train goes at five. O Hattie, I'm not ungrateful; don't hate me, for I'm hating myself, and it's too bitter to bear!" And now her tears did begin to fall, hot, heavy drops that would have melted Medusa into compliance. In speechless meekness I did what I was commanded, and in incredible haste we were both in the dog cart, whirling toward the station. By great fortune, the north-bound train left in about half an hour; had it not been due till twelve midnight, Anne would have commanded, and I obeyed, just the same. She sat with her face hidden in her hands, not speaking until she caught a glimpse of my face. Then —

"O Hattie, don't *you* cry!" she implored. *You* aren't disgraced forever! — What's that coming?"

The round blur in the distance, more distinct every moment,

was Laurence on his bicycle. Not a romantic charger, perhaps ; but never knight errant on coal-black stallion pursued distressed damsel with more determination — or, it must be added, equal speed. Anne had refused to look at or speak to him in departing. Now, as he gained the side of the vehicle and imperatively bade the pony to “Whoa!” he turned to us with a pale and resolute face and inquired, “May I ask Miss Parsons to explain?”

“Yes!” cried she. “I will tell you! I ought to be made to tell you; I was running away from my penance, and it wasn’t right. It’s all simple enough; of course it wasn’t Oswald Waite’s picture; of course there’s no such person, and never was; of course I was lying to you all the time, Hattie; but oh, didn’t you know Lawrence Barrett’s photograph when you saw it? and couldn’t you guess that Anne Parsons was lying to you when she pretended she — ever — had — a lover?”

Her strength seemed all to have run out with the quick torrent of her words, and now her voice and her head drooped together. “I don’t understand,” I said feebly. “It was Lawrence Barrett’s picture — but you knew we were no theater-goers here — and what were you lying about?”

“Everything” — firmly now. “Hattie, it almost broke my heart to see you take it so unquestioningly, but you really led me on, though without intention — you and Eva. At first I did it for fun. Both of those men — all three of them, for I talked about another, didn’t I? — were not half so real as ghosts, for they’ve been alive once. Did you know New England towns could turn out such finished artists in falsehood? I sent to Boston for those photographs of actors, just to keep up the illusion. One I never intended you should see; I grew ashamed before then. The ring? Why, it’s one I’ve had ever since I was a child; sometimes it feels too tight, and I take it off; and sometimes — I use it to carry out a mean, utterly contemptible farce. Is it clear now?”

“Well,” I said, “for a girl with a New England conscience —”

“Hattie, don’t!” It was Laurence who spoke. Coming close to the carriage, he attempted to lay his hand on Anne’s, which nervously grasped the ledge, but she sharply drew it away. I felt myself superfluous, and put one foot on the step to dismount and go — I did not know exactly where; but Anne stopped me.

“Wait,” she said. “It was you I deceived more than him.

You have a right to know why I did it." Poor little conscience! it would not even let her conceal her tears. "It was because I didn't want you to know that in twenty-one years no man had ever looked at me. You can't believe it? Why, you don't know New England villages! Every man I ever knew was old, or married, or a farm servant, or something. I never thought of it till I heard you girls talk of your lovers, and your flirtations, and your experiences,"—she flung out the words between her teeth,—“and I, only I, as young and pretty as any of you, as young and as warm hearted, left out of it! The bitterness of it stung at first, and then it hurt deeper and deeper, till the only way I could make it up to myself was to pretend, to myself as well as to you. I wanted a lover! There, you have the whole truth! and do you suppose I ever want to look at any one again?”

“Anne,” said Laurence, “what has that to do with you and me, or come between you and me? I can bear my disappointment, I think, at being the first man you ever loved. My poor —”

But she waved him away. “I’m proud,” she said shortly, “if you aren’t. Do you think I could marry you when you know how I lied, and that I accepted you, like any vulgar little school-girl, because you were the first man that came along?”

“I’m conceited enough to think that wasn’t the only reason,” said Laurence gently. Then, as a sharp whistle shrieked past, “Anne,” he said, “you’ve missed your train. You *must* stay and listen to reason now!”

“I will go home,” repeated the girl. “The next train goes at eleven. Please go, both of you; don’t stay with me. Don’t you know you want to be alone when you despise yourself?”

There was no moving her. Of course I said I would not leave her; of course Laurence said he would not leave us. She sat down in the waiting room, a wretched little heap, while Laurence paced angrily up and down the platform outside. She would not speak to him, or let him plead with her, but sobbed away her shame and repentance on my shoulder until, to my great surprise and relief, she fell into a sort of sleep, from which the scream and rumble of each passing express train would momentarily rouse her. The ticket agent locked up his window and went home, leaving us the station to ourselves. After about an hour of this, I realized that there would be four more hours of it; and gently propping her

head on the broad window-sill, with a shawl-strap for a pillow, I went outside, and sat thinking, while the clock reluctantly ticked away the interminable quarter and half hours, and Laurence tramped up and down the platform with a light tread, so as not to disturb the sleeping sinner who so filled both our minds.

Being his cousin, I sympathized with him. Being a woman, I was better able to sympathize with that bundle of sensitiveness and hurt pride which Anne was pleased to call her heart. I smarted for her mortification, and I — very gently — laughed at the structure of romance which I had built about her affairs. I made a resolve, which has been broken several times since then, never again to say that I can read faces and characters. Laurence finally stood before me with knit brow, and asked, "Well?"

"Well?" I repeated.

"Comforting, isn't it, to think I'm the first man she has treated badly? Oh, very! Enough to compensate for losing her!"

I thought Anne must have heard him, for I heard a little stirring noise inside the station. After that I did not care.

"Anne's acting like a child," I said sharply; "making every one around her suffer for a piece of comparatively harmless trickery. I don't see why she should do penance; I see even less reason why you should, just because you love her and she you, and she has a conscience that takes freaks."

The stirring was distinctly audible now. Anne appeared at the window like a rising sun, her rumpled red-gold hair standing out around her head like a halo, and her face swimming in smiles and tears. "Laurence!" she called.

Uncertain of his own ears, my cousin moved within a respectful yard of the window. "Do you want me?" he said, trying to be cold.

"Very much; oh, very much indeed!" with half a sob, and her head hanging. "But I can't talk to you across all that space!"

He went in. I sat and smiled with pure joy, and patted myself under my cloak, and to catch a word of their conversation — which was very interesting — occasionally strained my ears, which was very reprehensible. But I never pretended to be the possessor of a New England conscience.

For the Benefit of the Town.

BY HELOISE E. HERSEY.



ABBY DEAN, as everybody in Otisfield knew, was one of the most public-spirited women in the place. When the Baptist meeting house needed shingling, it was she who raised the money for it; when Mrs. Martin's two boys had scarlet fever, it was she who helped Mrs. Martin through the two weeks of sleepless nights and anxious days. In the eventful sixties she was the first to get the people together in Durell's Hall, to knit stockings, and roll bandages, and pick the lint, which would be the horror of our antiseptic days, and pack all into generous boxes for the soldiers. It was a matter of course that when Nat Sargent was exchanged from Andersonville, the first returned prisoner the town had seen, he should be settled at once, with all his filth and rags, in Abby's best bedroom, to be nursed back to cleanliness and health.

Abby's best bedroom was no very splendid place. Her husband was the Jack of all trades of the little town, and his wages, as is common with his class, were precarious — quite as often consisting of thanks or an invitation to stay for a boiled dinner as of the quarter dollar which would have been so much more useful. But it seemed hardly worth while to pay a man for fixing the front door lock in ten minutes, even if one had spent more time than that every night for a fortnight in securing the door without it. But Abby never complained. She had married Leander Dean because she needed somebody to take care of, — though she did not know that was the reason. She never saw his shortcomings as a provider for the household. She never bewailed his lack of interest in the public affairs of the village on which her heart was bent. Once — once only — she suffered a keen pang of disappointment in him. It was when she came out of the first rally at the Methodist meeting house, and heard Mrs. John Martin telling her husband, with a sob in her voice, that he and

the boys had done just right to enlist, and that she had taken care of a farm before he married her, and he should see that she could do it again. As Abby walked home beside the rather slender and bent form of Leander, she wished with all her heart that he had felt moved to enlist. But even in that bitter moment she did not suggest to him that he ought to do so. She read St. Paul's epistles too literally for that. Perhaps Leander knew what Abby never would have guessed, that the examining physicians would have put out the fire of his courage, even if she had contrived to kindle it. But to her fond eyes his proportions were manly, and his stoop only the momentary lapse from a dignified bearing, which it was when she first knew him as a boy. Leander did not go to the war, but it must be said that under Abby's able guidance he did good service at home. He was man of all work for a dozen women whose men folk were on the Potomac. He hoed Mrs. Martin's garden, and milked her cows, and he shoveled snow, and he sat up with the sick, and when, in 1862, after the battle of Shiloh, the melancholy procession of dead soldiers began to make its way to the little village, it was always Leander Dean who decorously drove the express wagon to the station for the body, and took in charge the details of the funerals — those wonderful war funerals, in which the humblest villages in our country poured out all the poetry of their toil-filled lives in honor of the men who had not feared death so much as they loved righteousness.

It was at one of these soldiers' funerals that Abby Dean conceived the idea without which this sketch of her would not have been written. It was a gruesome subject on which she thought, but the passion of work and contrivance which she afterwards put into the fulfilment of her dream would have founded a public library, or established a mission school, or built a hall for the presentation of amateur theatricals by summer visitors, and either of these achievements would have reflected more glory upon Abby in the county paper. In fact, there was something of the grotesque about the labor of love in which she engaged for nearly eight years; and solemn as the associations were which surrounded it, the neighbors learned to speak with a slight smile of "Abby Dean's hearse." For the desire which entered her heart at Walter Holden's funeral was nothing more nor less than

that the town might own a hearse, and cease to carry its dead to their last rest in Mr. Baker's wagon, which was used on other occasions for the distribution of groceries.

Abby had always envied the village of Edes Mills its hearse, and felt it to be a distinct consolation for the loss of a friend there that she should see again the grim vehicle; and the lack of the conventional shield for the sorry burden never seemed so painful as at Walter Holden's funeral. He was just her age. Their mothers had made much of the fact that their babies were born on the same day, and on the birthdays during their childhood there had been an interchange of small amenities between the families. That had ceased when Walter went to Hilton Academy. But Walter's hold upon Abby's imagination had never been entirely relaxed.

He grew into a strong, sensible, good man. After his father died, he owned the best farm in the township. He was on the school committee for years, and he was town treasurer, too. He married one of the five Littlefield girls, and, as it chanced, she proved the least capable of that incapable family. Except that Walter's sister lived with him and looked after the house, and the dairy, and the delicate twin girl babies, Walter would have been distinctly uncomfortable in his bodily surroundings, however firmly his heart might have been set on his wife. He was the first volunteer from Otisfield in answer to Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand men, and he reenlisted and fought without a wound till the battle of Cold Harbor, in June, 1864. There he was shot through the shoulder. After suffering amputation of the arm, and wearing through a homesick convalescence, he came back to the farm, thin, languid, and with a hacking cough. This developed rapidly into consumption, and he died one December morning, — the morning, as it chanced, of his birthday, — and Abby's. Nobody but her remembered the coincidence, however, and she was glad. At that funeral, with the bitter December blast piercing the warmest wraps of the mourners, and chilling the blood of the most vigorous, Abby found the lack of a hearse almost unbearable. She promised herself that it should be supplied before she died. Perhaps it took in her mind the shape of a sort of memorial to this particular friend of her childhood. More fantastic notions have been conceived in the minds of practical New England women.

The war was nearly over. Less than four months from the day that Walter Holden was buried, Lee surrendered. By the last of May the soldiers who were left began to hurry home to Otisfield, with the thought of their belated fields in the minds which had been so full of marches and rations and engagements. Many of the men brought a hundred dollars or so in their pockets. All of them, the sick and the well, brought a vast appetite for the simple joys of social life so long denied them. Marrying and giving in marriage began speedily to take the place of the heart-breaking ceremonials of the four black years. Weddings crowded upon the grief and constancy of bereavement. Everybody but Abby Dean forgot that the town would ever again need a hearse. Not so she. She took advantage of the generous temper of returned soldiers to begin her fund for the purchase. The colonel of a Massachusetts regiment stayed at her house over night to break a long journey into the lake region of Maine, where it was thought he might get rid of a malaria contracted in the Wilderness. When he went away in the morning he gave Abby a two-dollar greenback. She had never received so much money at one time in her life, and she instantly though silently consecrated it to the service of her cause. Soon the "Hearse Fund" was recognized as a fact by the neighbors. It was spoken of in town meeting in 1867, and the town voted to appropriate ten per cent. of the poll tax yearly to its increase. But that did not mean more than eleven or twelve dollars a year. Still it was a great deal to feel that there was to be a steady growth in the fund. Mr. Bucknam, the deacon of the Baptist Church, offered to take the money as it came in and allow six per cent. interest on it. He was highly thought of, and owned the largest store in the place, and did a thriving "variety" business, buying and selling everything from farms to dried apples, and from calicoes to oxen. He died of a sudden stroke of paralysis when the Fund had reached about sixty dollars, and his estate proved to be strangely involved. Creditors appeared from all over the county, and it soon became evident that Mr. Bucknam's shrewd business sense had failed him in the last years of his life. He had become a silent partner in a fancy stock farm; he had taken mortgages on a number of small, worthless places; and worst of all, he had believed in a scheme for the mining of gems — especially tourmalines — on

a neighboring mountain. In short, the property, which was supposed to be worth twenty-five thousand dollars, and thus to represent a fortune in that small town, proved under a forced sale to bring less than half that sum, and to be capable of paying but forty per cent. of the indebtedness. It was a hard blow to Abby to see her sixty dollars reduced to twenty-four dollars by the cruel frankness of the administrator's figures. She regretted for one unavailing moment the tears she had shed at the funeral of the man who had been so faithless to high trust. But Abby Dean had the courage of a soldier in her blood, and she returned to her task after three or four bitter days as untiringly as Grant betook himself to Petersburg after the defeats of the Wilderness. One of the lawyers who had been staying in Otisfield to look after a client's claim against the Bucknam estate gave Abby five dollars for her fund. That was her largest individual contribution, and it cheered her heart. It did not take much to rouse Abby's active, healthy temperament.

It was curious, but true, that most of the good times in Otisfield from 1865 to 1873 were the children of the "Hearse Fund." It was before the days when Village Improvement Societies, Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor, and church sociables vied with each other to justify and sanctify amusements. But here was an object which could not fail to command the respect of the gravest of church deacons, and which made indulgence in ice-cream and cake and lemonade and picnics and an occasional concert or reading or lecture a positive religious duty. So the young folk of the town ate, drank, and were merry under the contriving skill of Abby Dean, and forgot entirely what it was all about. But Abby never took ten cents for a plate of ice-cream, or reckoned the profits of a picnic down the pond, or deducted the expenses of the minister from Waterford who came to lecture for the benefit of the Fund, that she did not remember what she wanted and why she wanted it. No cathedral was ever built with a loftier or more conscious purpose.

In June, 1872, the fund had grown to \$256.83. The sum required was three hundred dollars. That had been long agreed upon with a Boston firm whose work had been tested by all the villages in the region.

At noon of a fine June day one of the Holden girls came run-

ning to Abby Dean's house to beg her to come up and see mother, who was having a terrible sinking spell. When Abby reached the clean bedroom where Mrs. Holden had been a prisoner for three years, with no definite disease but weakness, she saw on the small, expressionless face the look which dignifies but once the human countenance. Mrs. Holden could scarcely speak, but she was clasping a worn old pocketbook, and out of it she took a bundle of bills, which she put into Abby's hand with a whisper, "For the hearse"; and then there was a flutter and a sigh, and the wife of Walter Holden had gone to join him. The money, doubtless the personal savings of several years, was found to be fifty dollars — and in an instant the Fund was complete. It was Abby's quick thought to telegraph to Boston for the hearse, that it might be first used at Alvira Holden's funeral; it was suitable that so large a benefaction should have such poor acknowledgment as might thus be given. Abby Dean never talked about her emotions, so nobody will ever know whether she was glad or sad that the last crowning gift to the Fund for which she had worked for eight long years should have come from Walter Holden's fretful and incapable widow.

The hearse was eminently satisfactory to every one. It increased the self-respect of the town. From the minister to the grave-digger, from the children to the old folk not long for this world, there was a new interest in a funeral, and a new consolation for a grief. Abby Dean's connection with all this was recognized by making Leander the driver of the vehicle. This gave her access to the little lean-to of the Baptist meeting house which the town built for the suitable housing of its new property. She saw that the hearse was kept spotlessly free from dust or mud, and was a more diligent care-taker for love than could have been hired for money.

Twenty years drew out their quiet length over the hills and pond and meadows and farms and village of Otisfield. Abby Dean was sixty-five years old, but still vigorous and comely and capable, — the strength of the Baptist society and the despair of the feebler Methodists, but the friend and counselor of everybody. In August of 1893 she lost her appetite. She had some company just then, and her two nephews were growing boys, and she found the work in the kitchen heavier than usual. There

was a great deal of cooking for those boys and their father. They lived in Iowa, and Abby's cooking tasted good to them. Her johnny-cakes were yellower and sweeter, and her baked beans browner, and her pies more toothsome, than those in Davenport. Abby was an excellent housekeeper. Leander, too, had not been so strong as usual that summer, and yet it did seem as if everybody wanted him for some small job. Abby did not believe in idleness, but it seemed to her just then that she and Leander needed a rest. She had been trying for two months to find a day when he could fix the kitchen drain. It certainly had a break in it somewhere, and she noticed that her sink was not as sweet as usual. Next week the boys would have gone, and she and Leander would attend to that drain the first thing.

When the boys went, however, their active, genial aunt felt too sick to think of the hygiene of her kitchen, and in two days she took to her bed. Dr. Richards looked grave over the case, and the second day called it typhoid fever; and in less than two weeks the disease had done its work, and Abby Dean was free for other and larger activities than those which had blessed the little town of Otisfield. Afterwards Mrs. Martin, who nursed her, used to relate that in her wandering talk Abby had returned to the time when she was raising the money for the hearse, and had gone over and over again the addition of the small sums of dollars and cents in a strenuous effort after accuracy. But there was no suggestion of the premonition of death in her murmured, incoherent sentences. The hearse had established itself in her mind as an institution. She rested serenely in the thought of it, as a man might in the consciousness of a vast philanthropy, or the medieval artists in their noble churches.

Now a strange and cruel thing had happened while Abby lay so sick in her little house opposite the Baptist meeting house. It is to be hoped that the mists of delirium hid it from her. The town had voted at the May meeting to have the hearse painted and varnished, and had appropriated twenty-five dollars for the purpose. Thanks to Abby's care, it had stood the wear of twenty years, but now it would be improved by a visit to the repair shop. In August, the carriage maker in the neighboring town of Norway had had a leisure week, and had determined to go to Otisfield for the hearse, which he had promised to put in

good condition at his earliest convenience. He drove slowly away with it one Monday. The next Monday Abby Dean died. No one had quite the energy to send for the hearse, even if it had been certain that it was in condition for use. Abby herself would have been the one to meet such an emergency if it had happened while she was alive. Leander was so bewildered by his sudden loss that he had no thought for more than the dumb loneliness of the moment. The day of the funeral came, and in the August noontide the long procession made its slow way from the Baptist meeting house to the cemetery on the hill a half mile away. Everybody from the country round was at the funeral. Three or four people remembered Abby's interest in the purchase of the hearse, and were sorry that the plain coffin covered with a black double shawl, borrowed from Mrs. Martin for the purpose, was carried in the new grocery wagon, which looked strangely incongruous with its bright-yellow wheels and its sad, black burden.

On Thursday the hearse came back from Norway, with its shining new coat of paint and varnish. Leander Dean sat drearily on his doorstep with Abby's brother, who had been summoned back from Chicago by the death. As the hearse passed the house, Leander said, speaking more to himself than his companion, "Seein' she set so much by it, it doos seem kinder too bad she couldn't a hed the good of it; but I 'spose it's just about the same to her naow."



A Touch of Civilization.

BY MIRIAM MICHELSON.



LONG before the rich ledge had been struck in the "Hastings," when Quartz Gulch was the feeblest of Nevadan embryo mining camps, Black Eagle had begun to care for Light Moccasin. She was then the prettiest of the small Indian maidens who used to sit back up against the wickiups making tiny moccasins for their dolls. Most of the little red girls nursed rudely carved pieces of wood, one of them a battered old wax doll which some Silver Hill child had discarded. But Light Moccasin's imagination was potent enough to mother a miserable little yellow dog, which she imprisoned in the wicker basket in which she herself had passed her babyhood.

Once when the little Piutes made believe changing camp — which they did every few minutes, so that their play should not grow monotonous — Black Eagle fought his first fight, and fought for Light Moccasin, whom Three Coyotes claimed for his play-wife.

Light Moccasin watched the battle, her firm, square white teeth gleaming, her smoke-black eyes glowing, her little moccasined feet beating upon the gray sand of the Nevadan desert. When Black Eagle won she followed the panting boy meekly toward the miniature wickiup he had built, her lithe young body bent in ridiculous imitation of the tragic, labor-bowed backs of the old squaws, the strap of the wicker basket pressing upon her dense black hair, and the yellow dog, with coagulated tears in the corners of his miserable eyes, yelping appeals for relief — which only pleased Light Moccasin the more as adding verisimilitude to the play. So she crooned a lullaby, shaking herself as she walked, that the papoose might cease its cries and fall asleep.

There can be no doubt that a few years would have made the play real, and that Light Moccasin's back would have been bowed in earnest, and by Black Eagle's red babies, if that wonderful vein had not been struck in the "Hastings," which changed Quartz

Gulch in a fortnight from a timid dependent upon arrogant Silver Hill into a flourishing mining town filled with saloon-men, miners, gamblers, their wives and—their children. It was this last item which really revolutionized Light Moccasin's life. For there must be a school where there are children in sufficient quantity, and the Gulch's streets (it has but two, one in the ravine for business purposes, and one upon the hill for residences) swarmed with them. Given a school, a teacher is a necessity, and chance willed that Miss Gouldbourne, who had never seen an Indian, should come, see, and be conquered by the desire to civilize Light Moccasin.

"It takes a State o' Maine woman to make such a fool of herself," said Mrs. Reddy, who boarded the school-ma'am. "Civilize 'em? You can't civilize 'em. They ain't meant for it. Let 'em stay out in the desert whar they belong, comin' in to do chores."

"But she's such a pretty little thing," pleaded the school-ma'am, "not really red, and she seems so winning, and, in spite of her shyness, sort of trusting —"

"Trustin' nothin'! She'd 'a watched any o' those bucks scalp you with pleasure, forty years ago, ef she'd been alive. An' Indian nature don't change. They can't help theirselves, so they knuckle under. Have her around if you like. Only I warn you, she'll run away. You can't keep 'em. I knew a woman in Battle Mountain had a young seequaw she'd a'most raised. Well, one night Susie lit out, took everything she could lay hands on. It's Indian nature, I tell you. I've had every squaw and 'most every buck out 't the wickiups work fur me, 'n they're all the same. You kin have the girl 'round, but I'll watch her."

So Miss Gouldbourne set herself to win Light Moccasin.

That she had attracted the little copper-colored maiden was evident. The first morning after Miss Gouldbourne's arrival, when she raised the shade of her bedroom window, she jumped back half screaming with surprise and fear. There, pressed to the corner of the pane, was a segment of a little dark face, in whose black eyes lurked malice, or sly laughter, or merely watchful curiosity, the teacher couldn't decide which. But whether it was the light gold of the teacher's hair, or the exquisite pallor of her New England complexion, or only interest in a stranger

whose voice, whose dress, and whose manner were so different from those of the white women Light Moccasin had known, henceforth she became the other's humble little follower.

At first in her walks home at evening, when Miss Gouldbourne noticed her and turned to speak to her, the girl fled, melting off into the dusk and trotting away softly through the sage-brush, then stopping to look back from a safe distance like some half-curious, half-afraid animal which is both attracted and repelled.

But winter tamed the Piutes. It was a heavy winter, and the snow packed deep into the ravine, and thickly powdered the mountain side. The Indians moved their campboodie closer to the town; the hard-worked squaws were humbler, more eager for work; the disdainful bucks were willing to chop wood for the miners' wives and to do odd jobs up on the hill where the "Hastings" throbbed and screamed in the throes of delivery.

One evening, in Miss Gouldbourne's after-dinner walk down the ravine from the snow-buried town, she met Light Moccasin. In the child's hands, black with cold, was a small bag of pine nuts. "You buy 'em?" she asked hoarsely.

"Sick, Topsy?" asked the school-teacher gently.

The girl shook her head half hesitatingly, her big, mournful eyes questioning the white woman, like those of a dog.

"Yes. Teacher make you well. So cold. You come. Yes?"

Light Moccasin looked a moment longer. Then she nodded, grunted, and fell in behind. From time to time Miss Gouldbourne turned to assure herself that the girl had not changed her mind. But, her moccasins pressing noiselessly upon the hard, dry snow, she followed, head bent and eyes fixed upon the ground.

The first glimpse the half-frozen Indian girl got of Mrs. Reddy's glowing kitchen completed the conquest. She drank greedily the hot soup which Miss Gouldbourne brought her; then she curled up in a corner behind the great range and fell asleep.

When she waked, warmed and strengthened, the struggle began. Miss Gouldbourne had the true missionary spirit. No one guessed the patience, the tact, the self-abnegation she practised in subduing this wild little creature of the desert; but the town became an amazed and delighted spectator of the world-old battle between the natural and the environment-molded man, between the instinct of savagery and the genius for improvement.

Down at the Red Hot Saloon bets were freely offered and odds wavered from day to day. When Light Moccasin, now Topsy to all the town, appeared dressed as a white girl from the dusky braids of her shy head to the buttoned shoes on her small feet, Golightly George sent to Silver Hill for a fur overcoat, the bill for which All-night Bill paid without a murmur. When one evening Topsy's gingham dress, her hat, shoes, and stockings torn to shreds, were found under the big rocks at the foot of Sagebrush Ravine, Golightly George set up the drinks for every thirsty man that entered the saloon between morning and evening shifts.

There were times when the longing to be Light Moccasin again so tortured poor, half-civilized Topsy that she became a vexatious thing to herself and every one else; full of mischief and sly deviltry at school, and of pretended stupidity and incapacity at home. But when the late spring really came, and there was a fitting of the Indians about town, when not a squaw could be hired to scrub Mrs. Reddy's kitchen, when the wickiups were moved and her people were off and away in a night, Light Moccasin turned upon herself as a tormented animal might, slashing and tearing the garments that kept her from freedom.

Oh, to lie out under the stars, to dance over the desert free from bandaged restraint, to hear again the soft stamp of sandaled feet in the spring dance, to rove and to roam, to be as free as the eagle on high, and as indolent as the shining lizards which lie shimmering in the sun, with no tasks, no duties, no restraints, no mild, soft eyes to reproach, no low, quiet voice to reprove!

Away! Away! Light Moccasin fled down the path, across the trail, and then her old keenness of scent and sight returning, she gave a cry of delight as she recognized the low wickiups off in a clump of gray sage-brush. The child sped along. Her little figure in its white bodice was a joyous moving speck on the desert.

Presently a flickering flame shot up against the gray. It glowed, and reddened, and steadied. It drew her. It beckoned. It spoke of the delights of the wild, free life. Light Moccasin fairly leaped toward it. The blood was seething in her panting body now, and seemed to buzz and murmur in her ears. No, it wasn't that. That sound, that hollow, steady vibration — as she drew nearer and nearer she recognized it. The dance, the spring dance! On and on she raced. Oh, the acrid smell of the burning pine knots, and

the sage-brush twigs, the cowering wickiups, the soft spring night, the chattering crowds around the glowing fire, the circle of dancers, the minor chant which rose and fell to the soft, steady stamp, stâmp of a hundred moccasined feet!

With a whirl the white-bodied figure passed the groups of hideous old, gossiping crones, passed the children clustering around the camp-fire eating pine nuts and teasing the dogs, and with a bound she was part of that swiftly moving circle of panting figures. On they went, faster, faster, more furious, still keeping steady step, the soft thud, thud beating the bass rhythm to the monotonous chant. All the girl's senses were steeped in the dance. Payment for the long hours' drudging over books in the unfamiliar tongue, payment for the repression and the confinement, payment for the stifled longings and the denied cravings, payment, payment, a thousand times over, for the inaction and the close, breathless house! Her body was free, her feet were free, the loosened braids of her hair were free and floated about her excited face where the smouldering black eyes had leaped into flame.

She saw nothing, she knew nothing but the dance, the intoxicating motion, the animal freedom of it all. On and on, now — her brain was dizzy, her bare feet burned, but her thirst was not yet slaked. The savage taste of it had maddened her. She would have turned upon and torn with her teeth anything that stood in her way. On and on and on. She did not know that one by one the exhausted dancers had fallen, but she became conscious by degrees of a band as of fire about her forearm above her wrist. It was Black Eagle's hand which grasped the round bronze of her naked arm as the two whirled on and on, alone of all the passionate dancers, around the gleaming camp-fire, alone in the desert of gray sage-brush, with the dusk of the soft spring evening warm about them, and the stars shining in the marvelously clear, infinitely domed sky overhead.

When she fell at length, all the strength of her nature had exhausted itself. She was worn out as well by the complicated emotions which had racked her simple nature as by the physical exertion. She lay inert, half conscious only of the buzz of teasing voices and the mocking laughter of the Indian girls. They surrounded her, and looking down upon her as she lay, in a chorus

of gutturals they made her feel what to savage natures, as to animals, is a crime — the difference between her and themselves. They plucked at her garments, those strange buttoned bands and strapped skirts, and bodice of white, against which her childish arms and throat showed red. They mimicked the softened intonation of her voice, they teased and tormented her; but her emotions were spent. She was indifferent to it all, till the young men, drawn by the chatter and the laughter, lounged across the beaten sand to where she lay. Then, actuated by the newly acquired modesty she had learned from the white women, Light Moccasin sprang to her feet, suddenly ashamed of her naked arms and legs.

There was a roar of laughter from the girls, whose straight, black, snaky locks hung down on either side of their malicious, paint-streaked faces. Then one of the men came toward her, lisping her new name mockingly in imitation of the white man's speech. "Top-sy, Top-sy!" Light Moccasin turned to flee, but a voice arrested her. "Leave chattering to the women," Black Eagle commanded. "Leave her alone, dog!"

Three Coyotes turned with a snarl upon him, and they closed in fight. Up and down, in and out their writhing shadows twisted, caught and grotesquely magnified by the glowing flames of the fire. The girl watched a moment, fascinated. Just once her glance caught Black Eagle's as the combatants turned, and in his intent black eyes, as in hers, was the memory of another fight he had fought for her. Then she slipped away, and in the dusk, rendered darkness by contrast with the vivid glare of the camp-fire, she found her grandmother's wickiup. The old squaw waked, looked up and grunted as the girl entered. She had sold Light Moccasin to the school-teacher for the wide necklet of many-colored beads that glittered upon her shrunken throat. Yet she was not surprised or offended that the goods refused to remain delivered.

But when she waked in the morning Light Moccasin was gone.

The girl had fallen asleep almost the moment her tired limbs rested upon the couch of pine boughs in the corner. For hours she lay breathing deeply, sleeping heavily, the old sleep of her childhood. When she had waked suddenly late in the night, the dance was done, the little village still, but through the raised flap of the tent the dying coals of the camp-fire glowed like a watchful

red eye, and a spiral of pale blue smoke ascended and drifted till it hid the stars. The girl's new nature began to assert itself; a feeling of responsibility, a consciousness of wrong-doing grew upon her. As the light from the fire waned and dimmed another light seemed to her to grow stronger and stronger. Those insistent, reproachful blue eyes! Now that the fever was gone, little Light Moccasin could not avoid their gaze. They called her, they drew her, they commanded her, just as the fire had done before. But now it was dead, smoking, stifling, and those serious, gentle eyes were not to be denied. Weariedly, resignedly, she rose and stepped lightly from the wickiup out into the night. In the light of a last flickering spark from the fire she thought she saw Black Eagle's figure standing at the entrance of his wickiup; but the light failed and a dense, pungent smoke spread over the slumbering settlement.

Before dawn Light Moccasin had reached Quartz Gulch, and when Miss Gouldbourne raised the shade of her bedroom window, she saw again that segment of a dark face, this time full of half questioning, half-confiding penitence.

All-night Bill, when informed of the girl's return to school, paid his wager like a true sport. And, like a true sport, bet again. There was something of the bull-dog about the man. He wouldn't admit defeat, he wouldn't realize that he was beaten. He would be right. Were the thing to be contended for a fortune or a fancy, it should be his. He would battle and pluck victory from defeat.

"I ain't never et crow yit, 'n I don't intend t'. Ef ever my jidgment grows onsartain 'n All-night Bill finds he's anxious to quit at midnight stid o' stayin' it out like a man till mornin', he'll vamoose. Likely he'll turn farmer. Buy ole Hooley's ranch 'n bring ye in butter 'n eggs. It goes, I'm tellin' ye. The day that finds me in a hole 'll find a new tenant on the ranch yonder. But that's in the futur'. Anybody thinkin' Bill's time's up in this camp is welcome to try to play him fur a sucker."

All through the following summer and autumn Topsy was the demurest, most faithful little student and servant. When winter came, Miss Gouldbourne decreed the Indian's young womanhood by lengthening her skirts and corseting the graceful, girlish figure. In Topsy's face those days there shone the awakening of intellect, the consciousness of self-denial, the rudiment of a soul. The

miners lingering in front of the Red Hot Saloon looked curiously after the pretty figure and waited for a glimpse of the dusky face with its docile, dark liquid eyes and full, curling lips.

Things looked bad for Bill, and the situation grew worse as Christmas approached. Down at the saloon public opinion was all on his side. The patrons of the Red Hot felt that Bill's self-exile would be a greater calamity to the Gulch than the threatened "shut-down" of the "Hastings." When announcement was made of the school-teacher's resignation, and Christmas morning was set for the day of her departure and Topsy's, gloom settled thick upon the straggling little street down in the ravine. Even Golightly George lost all the cheerful glow of approaching victory when he found himself regarded as a public enemy; and in a confidential chat with Bill, expressed his willingness to call all bets off.

Of course, Bill promptly doubled his stake, and George mournfully covered the raise.

All the men from the street below, all the women from the hill above, and the children who enjoyed the privilege of youth's neutrality, and so were limited to neither place, filled the school-house on Christmas Eve, to witness the close of school, to say good-by to the teacher, to enjoy the poor little camp's one opportunity of meeting socially. The large, bare room was gayly decorated. Topsy, who had means of communication with Black Eagle which were a mystery to Miss Gouldbourne, had ordered the evergreens from far back in the hills; and the Indian lad had shamed the white boys when he reappeared on his wiry pony, by the quantity and the thick beauty of the bright green boughs heaped upon the schoolroom floor. But he remained outside the open door with the other Indians on Christmas Eve, watching curiously as the teacher handed from the tree the gifts, which had been purchased in Silver Hill by Golightly George after an amazing run of luck at faro the day before. Topsy flitted about, a gentle, obedient handmaiden, as unlike the wild, squalid squaws on the stoop outside as the trim, green lawns of her future home are to the sage-brush deserts whose child she was.

George could not resist suggesting to Bill that the stakes of their old bet might be doubled, but being a delicate opponent, he immediately apologized, though again advising Bill to admit defeat.

"Not by a d—— sight!" growled Bill. "I'll stand the raise."

For answer George called the girl to him.

"Hi, Topsy! Are you going away off to Maine early to-morrow morning with school-ma'am, far, far off, past big mountains? See teacher's mother — live teacher's house, 'way, 'way off?"

"Iss, sir," the girl replied, dropping her dark-lashed lids.

And when the other not merely stood the raise, but doubled it, George shrugged his shoulders and covered the bet, feeling aggrieved at Bill's obstinacy, but with a practical sense of duty toward himself. Bill escaped from the crowd of men who tauntingly offered their patronage when he should take possession of Hooley's Ranch, and went out to smoke upon the porch, where the Indians huddled in red-blanketed groups. But he didn't come back into the schoolroom to say good-by to the teacher, and George shook his head over the growing moroseness of his friend.

When Miss Gouldbourne waked early Christmas morning to prepare for her journey, Topsy was not seated as usual dressed and waiting by the bedside. The lid of her small trunk pucked with the Indian girl's clothes was up, and upon its top there was a note in the painfully regular copy-book hand the girl had mastered.

"Light Moccasin no go with teacher past big mountains. Be Black Eagle's squaw. He my man. Go away in night. Merry Christmas. Cry tears at parting."

The Gulch (with the exception of All-night Bill) waited at the saloon, where the stage started, to see Miss Gouldbourne off. Golightly George was half glad, as the wagon started, not to see the face of his old friend, who had such good cause for triumph.

"The little wildcat!" he said to Shut-up Johnson, who held the stakes. "Who'd 'a thought she'd back out at the last minute? An' she kin lie like — like a white woman," he concluded bitterly. "Ye kin hand the rocks over to Bill. They're his'n."

"Ain't got 'em," answered Johnson laconically. "Four this morning Bill come into the saloon, told me the Indian girl eloped with one of the bucks. 'Course didn't doubt him. Ever hear of Bill lying? He claimed the money. Handed it over to him."

"At four, you say?" George repeated. "But Devaney tells me Bill's broke. Devaney wanted to borrow a fiver to go 's far

's the station with the school-ma'am. Bill's horse's gone, too," said George bewildered. "Did he play last night?"

Johnson shook his head.

"Where'n hell's that five hundred gone to, then? — and Bill's horse?"

"Dunno."

"Devaney says Topsy and Black Eagle didn't go back to the wickiups, but off towards Hooley's. He said sumpin' about Hooley's being sold, but I didn't listen. Where is Bill, anyway?"

The barkeeper jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

George entered the little room back of the saloon. Bill was asleep, lying dressed, stretched out upon the low lounge. The little room was close and dark. George gently opened the back door and stood in the doorway, perplexed. Suddenly he bent down and examined the trampled snow outside. These marks were of a horse's hoof — Bill's horse, of course. But those others? What unshod horse was there about that could leave those small — An Indian pony! Black Eagle was the only Indian in town late last night. He couldn't have taken Bill's horse without —

Suddenly a glimmering of light came to George. "Well, I'll be damned!" he murmured, quietly closing the door behind him.

Then he went out into the snow-packed street, and in full view of the holiday crowd of idle men, with great deliberation and all seriousness, Golightly George ran his head thrice against the saloon's brick wall; thus advertising to all the inhabitants of the Gulch his disapproval of fools in general and of himself in particular, and his stern adherence to his oft-expressed theory that "Th' only way to git sense into a sucker's head is t' beat it in."



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CONDITIONS. 1. Each manuscript must bear at the top of the first page the writer's real name and address, in full, as also the number of words it contains, which may range from 1,800 to 6,000, but must in no case exceed the latter number.

2. Each manuscript must be legibly written, on paper not larger than 8 by 11 inches, must be sent unrolled, postage or express charges fully prepaid, and accompanied by addressed and stamped envelope for return. Letters advising the submittal of stories must be enclosed with manuscripts, and not sent under separate cover. Manuscripts will be received and returned only at the writer's risk.

3. All stories will be judged purely on their own merits, and the name or reputation of a writer will carry absolutely no weight whatsoever. Every story will be judged not in accordance with its length, but with its worth as a story.

4. With every manuscript intended for this \$4,000 prize competition there must be enclosed, in one and the same envelope, one yearly subscription to **THE BLACK CAT**, from January, 1898, to January, 1899, together with 50 cents to pay therefor.

5. All envelopes containing manuscripts with subscriptions as above must be plainly marked, "For Competition," and addressed, "The Shortstory Publishing Company, 144 High St., Boston, Mass." Their receipt will be promptly acknowledged. Any competitor may send as many stories as he pleases, but in each case all the above conditions must be complied with.

6. The competition will close March 31, 1898, and within 60 days from that date the awards will be announced in **THE BLACK CAT**, and paid in cash. Should two stories be found of equal merit, the respective prizes will be either doubled or divided. In the case of stories unsuccessful in the competition but deemed desirable, the publishers will either award special prizes, of not less than \$100 in each instance, or will offer to purchase the same. All unsuccessful manuscripts will be returned, together with the printed announcement of the results of the competition. The conditions and requirements being here fully set forth, neither the publishers nor the editor can undertake to enter into correspondence relative thereto.

NOTE. As no manuscript in the case of which all the above conditions have not been complied with will be considered, it is urged that competitors make sure that their manuscripts are prepared strictly in accordance with the foregoing, are securely sealed in strong envelopes, with the necessary enclosures, and sent fully prepaid by mail or express.

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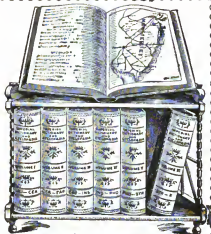
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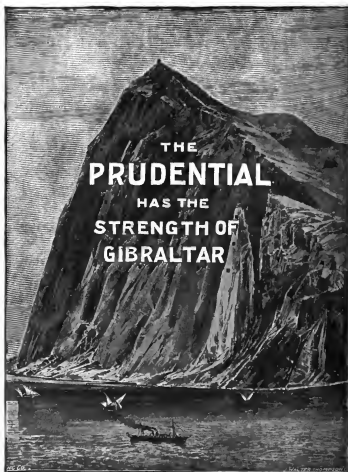
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3. W-E-L-H What would want a large gulf.
4. M-X-C A large gulf.
5. W-E-L-H A noted general.
6. W-E-L-H An immortal soul.
7. C-I-A-O Largely city in U.S.
8. W-E-L-H A noted general.
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